

EXPRESSIONS OF ARBOR & BIRD DAY



Illinois
Department of
Natural Resources
DIVISION OF FOREST RESOURCES

Throughout the centuries of American literature authors have been inspired to write about the great lessons that Nature teaches. They have expressed in their own tender and earnest ways the beauty revealed in the trees and forests.

It is in this literature that one can reminisce of the days of youth when the elms grew in the yard of the home in which they were raised, the maples blossomed in the grove, and the stately oak was the pride of the town and stood tall on the hill as a guide to many travelers.

Arbor and Bird Day is observed in Illinois on the last Friday in April and each year many trees are planted in observance of this red-letter day. These trees provide one of man's most valuable resources—wood. Among all of man's natural resources, wood is the only one that replenishes itself in a short time and it has always been a readily available material. In the technologically changing world of today wood can be used in a variety of ways.

The intention of this brochure is to make you aware of, through the use of literature, the beauty of trees, the value of tree-planting, and the many ways in which the trees have and will continue to serve mankind.

ILLINOIS STATUTE

"Arbor and Bird Day. The last Friday in April of each year is designated as Arbor and Bird Day, to be observed throughout the State as a day for planting trees, shrubs and vines about the homes and along the highways and about public grounds within this State, and for holding appropriate exercises in the public schools and elsewhere to show the value of trees and birds and the necessity of their protection, thus contributing to the comforts and attractions of our State."

Printed by authority of the State of Illinois.
Issued by the Division of Forest Resources.

TREES

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree,
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain,
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.



—Joyce Kilmer

WHAT DO WE PLANT?

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship that will cross the sea,
We plant the mast to carry the sails,
We plant the planks to withstand the gales—
The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee—
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see.
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

—Henry Abbey



THE HISTORY OF THE POEM, "WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE"

The following is an account of the way in which Mr. Morris came to write the poem, "Woodman, Spare That Tree." It is an excerpt from a letter to a friend, dated New York, February 1, 1837.

Riding out of town a few days since, in company with a friend, an old gentleman, he invited me to turn down a little, romantic woodland pass, not far from Bloomingdale. "Your object?" inquired I. "Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather long before I was born, under which I used to play when a boy, and where my sisters played with me. There I often listened to the good advice of my parents. Father, mother, sisters—all are gone; nothing but the old tree remains." And a paleness over-spread his fine countenance, and tears came to his eyes. After a moment's pause, he added: "Don't think me foolish. I don't know how it is: I never ride out but I turn down this lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend." These words were scarcely uttered when the old gentleman cried out, "There it is." Near the tree stood a man with his coat off, sharpening an ax. "You're not going to cut that tree down, surely?" "Yes, but I am though," said the woodman. "What for?" inquired the old gentleman, with choked emotion. "What for? I like that! Well, I will tell you, I want the tree for fire wood." "What is the tree worth to you for fire wood?" "Why, when down, about ten dollars." "Suppose I should give you that sum," said the old gentleman, "would you let it stand?" "Yes." "You are sure of that?" "Positive!" "Then give me a bond to that effect." We went into the little cottage in which my companion was born, but which is now occupied by the woodman. I drew up the bond. It was signed, and the money paid over. As we left, the young girl, the daughter of the woodman, assured us that while she lived the tree should not be cut. These circumstances made a strong impression on my mind, and furnished me with the materials for the song I send you.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bow!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'T was my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot
There, woodman, let it stand;
Thy ax shall harm it not!
That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,—
And wouldst thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive the foolish tear;
But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend;
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save
Thy ax shall harm it not.

—George P. Morris



Man

I keep you warm on freezing winter nights
I am your shade from scorching summer sun
The roof-joints of your house, your table's board
I am the bed in which you sleep at night
The wood of which your mighty ships are built
I am your pick axe shaft, your cabin's door
The wood of your cradle and your coffin
I am the bread of goodness, flower of beauty
Answer my prayer: Do not destroy me.

—*Unknown*



You will find something more in the
woods than in books. Trees and stones
will teach you that which you can never
learn from masters.

—*St. Bernard of Clairvaux*

THE TREE

I love thee when thy swelling buds appear,
And one by one their tender leaves unfold,
As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold;
And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen
To veil from view the early robin's nest,
I love to lie beneath thy waving screen,
With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppress'd;
And when the autumn winds have stript thee bare,
And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow,
When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,
I love to watch thy shadowy form below,
And through thy leafless arms to look above
On stars that brighter beam when most we need their love.

—*Jones Very*

ARBOR DAY

Now a strong, fair shoot, from the forest bring,
Gently the roots in the soft earth lay;
God bless with His sunshine, and wind and rain,
The tree we are planting on Arbor Day.

May it greenly grow for a hundred years;
And our children's children beneath it play,
Gather the fruit and rest in the shade
Of the tree we are planting on Arbor Day.

So may our life be an upward growth,
In wisdom's soil every rootlet lay,
And every tree bearing precious fruit,
Like the tree we are planting on Arbor Day.



We cannot fail in following nature.

Montaigne

God wrote his loveliest poem on the day
He made the first tall silver poplar tree.

Grace Noll Crowell



What I know of divine sciences and Holy
Scripture, I learnt in woods and fields.
I have had no other masters than the
beeches and the oaks.

St. Bernard of Clairvaux

CITY TREES

The trees along our city streets
Are lovely, gallant things;
Their roots lie deep in blackened soil,
And yet they spread their wings

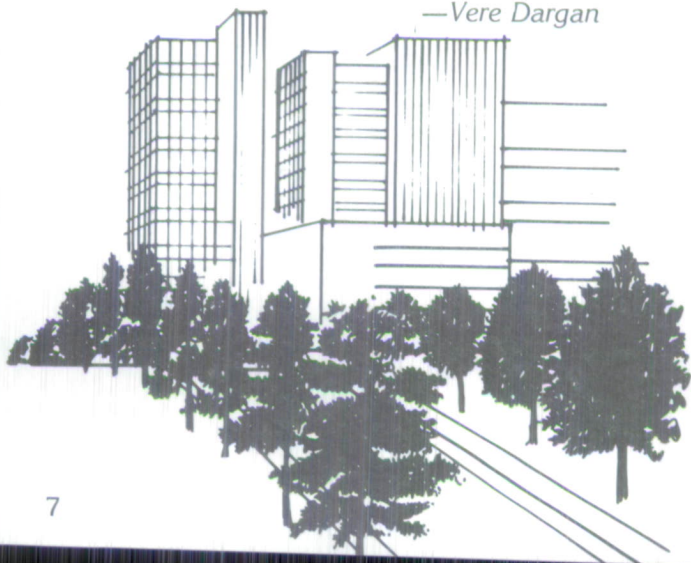
Of branching green or fretted twigs
Beneath a sullen sky,
And when the wind howls banshee-like
They bow to passers-by.

In fall their leaves are bannerets
Of dusty red and gold
And fires dim that warm our hearts
Against the coming cold.

Then delicate through winter's snow
Each silhouette still makes
Black filigree, with frostings rare
Of silver powdered flakes.

But leafed or bare, they bravely rise
With healing in their wings—
The trees along our city streets
Are lovely, gallant things.

—Vere Dargan



—Henry Bunner

—Henry Bunner



TREE-PLANTING

Joy for the sturdy trees;

Fanned by each fragrant breeze,
Lovely they stand.

The song-birds o'er them trill;
They shade each tinkling rill;

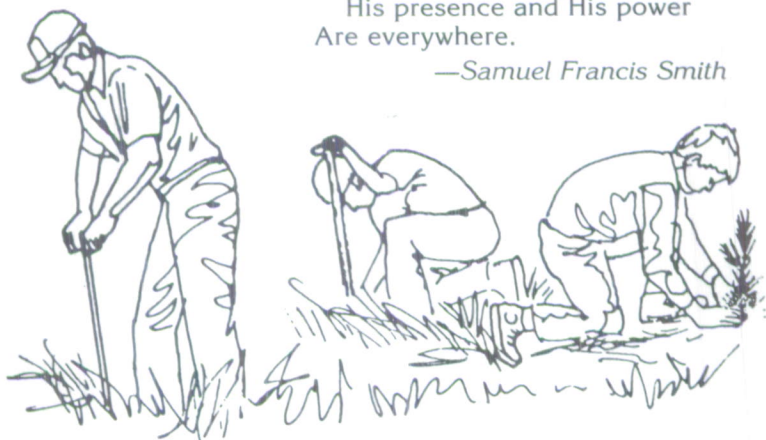
They crown each swelling hill,
Lowly or grand.

Plant them by stream and way,
Plant them where children play,
And toilers rest;
In every verdant vale,
On every sunny swale;—
Whether to grow or fail,
God knoweth best.

Select the strong, the fair;
Plant them with earnest care,—
No toil is vain;
Plant them in a fitter place,
Where, like a lovely face
Set in some sweeter grace,
Change may prove gain.

God will his blessing send;
All things on Him depend,—
His loving care
Clings to each leaf and flower
Like ivy to its tower,—
His presence and His power
Are everywhere.

—Samuel Francis Smith





Summer or winter, day or night,
The woods are ever a new delight;
They give us peace, and they make us strong,
Such a wonderful balm to them belong;
So, living or dying, I'll take my ease
Under the trees, under the trees.

—*R.H. Stoddard.*

The trees which the children plant, or which they assist in dedicating, will become dearer to them as year after year rolls on. As the trees grow, and their branches expand in beauty, so will the love for them increase in the hearts of those by whom they were planted or dedicated, and long before the children reach old age they will almost venerate these green and living memorials of youthful and happy days; and as those who have loved and cared for pets will ever be the friends of our dumb animals, so will they ever be the friends of our forest trees. From the individual to the general, is the law of our nature. Show us a man who in childhood had a pet, and we'll show you a lover of animals. Show us a person who in youth planted a tree that has lived and flourished, and we'll show you a friend of trees and of forest culture.

John B. Peaslee.

What a noble gift to man are the forests! What a debt of gratitude and admiration we owe for their utility and their beauty! How pleasantly the shadows of the wood fall upon our heads when we turn from the glitter and turmoil of the world of man! The winds of heaven seem to linger amid their balmy branches, and the sunshine falls like a blessing upon the green leaves; the wild freshness; and the beautiful woodlight, neither garish or gloomy, full of calm and peaceful influences, sheds repose over the spirit.

Susan Fenimore Cooper.

ARBOR AND BIRD DAY IN ILLINOIS

Arbor and Bird Day was originally observed in Illinois as Arbor Day. In 1887, the Governor of Illinois designated by proclamation a day to be known as "Arbor Day." By 1889 ten thousand school districts observed the day. The following is an extract from Governor Fifer's proclamation of 1889:

"Let the children in our schools, the young men and women in our colleges, seminaries and universities, with their instructors, co-operate in the proper observance of the day by planting shrubs, vines and trees that will beautify the home, adorn the public grounds, add wealth to the State, and thereby increase the comfort and happiness of our people."



PLANTING A TREE

What does he plant who plants a tree?
A scion full of potency;
He plants his faith, a prophecy
Of bloom and fruitfulness to be;
He plants a shade where robins sing,
Where orioles their nestlings swing;
A Burning Bush, — a miracle!
Who plants a tree, — he doeth well!

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He makes a strong mast for the Sea;
He makes the earth productive, fair;
He helps the vines climb high in the air,
And from their censers shed perfume
To sweeten Night, and bless high Noon,
Against the vandals who despoil
He sets his protest in the soil.

What does he who plants a tree?
An emblem of the Men to be:
Who lightly touch terrestrial clay,
But far above the earth, away
From sordid things and base,
Incarnate ideals for their race,—
Who plants a tree, he doeth well,—
Performs with God, a miracle!

—Anonymous



THE HEART OF THE TREE

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants the friend of sun and sky;
He plants the flag of breezes free;
The shaft of beauty, towering high;
He plants a home to heaven anigh
For song and mother-croon of bird
In hushed and happy twilight heard—
The treble of heaven's harmony—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain,
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that fade and flush again:
He plants the glory of the plain;
He plants the forest's heritage;
The harvest of the coming age;
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,
In love of home and loyalty
And far-cast thought of civic good—
His blessing on the neighborhood
Who in the hollow of His hand
Holds all the growth of all our land—
A nation's growth from sea to sea
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

—H.C. Bunner





GROWTH

Grow as the trees grow,
Your head lifted straight to the sky,
Your roots holding fast where they lie,
In the richness below;
Your branches outspread
To the sun pouring down, and the dew,
With the glorious infinite blue
Stretching over your head.

Receiving the storms
That may writhe you, and bend, but not break,
While your roots the more sturdily take
A strength in their forms.
God means us, the growth of His trees,
Alike thro' the shadow and shine,
Receiving as freely the life-giving wine
Of the air and the breeze.

Not sunshine alone,
The soft summer dew and the breeze
Hath fashioned these wonderful trees.
The tempest hath moaned:
They have tossed their strong arms in despair,
At the blast of the terrible there,
In the thunder's loud tone.

But under it all
Were the roots clasping closer the sod,
The top still aspiring to God
Who prevented their fall,

Come out from the gloom,
And open your heart to the light
That is flooding God's world with delight,
And unfolding its bloom
His kingdom of grace
Is symbolized in all that we see,
In budding and leafing of tree,
And fruit in its place.

Ellen Bugbee

THE OLD TREE

Old tree, how low you seem to stoop,
How much your trunk is bent;
Why don't you make a rise and grow
Up straight, as you were meant?

And has the old tree found a voice?
And does it speak and sigh?
No! 'twas the soft sweet wind that came
To stir its leaves on high.

But still the young boy thought he heard
The old tree sigh, "Too late!
When I was young it was the time
To come and bend me straight."

"They should have bound me to a prop,
And made me straight and fast;
A child like you could bend me then,
But now my time is past!"

"No use for men to waste their strength,
And pull with ropes at me;
They could not move my stem an inch,
For bent I still must be."

And then the soft wind came once more,
And set the leaves at play,
So that the young boy thought he heard
The old tree sigh and say:

"O child! be wise while you are young,
Nor bend nor stoop to sin!
Drive out the bad thoughts from your heart,
And keep the good ones in!"

"No use to try, when you are old,
To mend and grow up straight;
For all good men that pass you then
Will sigh and say, 'Too late!'"

"Take for your prop the book of God,
And by its rules be bound;
And let the wise words of your friends
Be stakes to fence you round."

"So straight and strong you shall be found,
A joy and praise to see;
And one day, in the courts of God,
You'll stand a fair young tree."



GOD'S CATHEDRAL

Whoever walks a mountain trail
Has never walked alone
Or lifted eyes unto the hills
But inner strength has known.
Whoever seeks communion sweet
In God's cathedral there,
Will find the angels very near,
And joining him in prayer.

The trees and flowers, like acolytes,
Will fling their incense sweet;
The feathered friends will join in song,
And make the day complete.
The flowing stream whose melodies
Are never known to cease;
The giant crags that tower above
Bring quietness and peace.

The wind will whisper through the pines,
The sky will smile above,
And everything seems unified—
Enshrined in God's pure love.
Whoever walks a mountain trail,
Or kneels upon the sod,
Has been so near to Heaven's gate
He touched the hand of God.

—*Eleanor Fiock*

GENESIS

- I, 11. And God said, Let the earth bring forth the fruit tree, yielding fruit after his kind.
12. And the earth brought forth the tree, yielding fruit whose seed was in itself after his kind. And God saw that it was good.
29. And God said, Behold I have given you every tree in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.

JOB

- XIV, 7, 8, 9. For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease, though the root thereof wax old in the earth; and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet through the scent of water it will bud and bring forth boughs like a plant.

A SONG TO MOTHER EARTH

In the merry month of May
Comes our gladsome Arbor Day
And with cheerful voice we raise
Hearty notes of grateful praise.

To our loving mother earth,
To her kindness and her worth,
She who makes the world so gay,
On this happy Arbor Day.

She it is who makes the field
Plant and flower and fragrance yield
And the graceful leafy tree,
Planted now along the lea.

Beautiful the meadow bright,
In the sunbeam's golden light—
Buttercup and daisy fair
Mother earth has scattered there.

Clover, too and lily white
Blossom in the morning light,—
All are tended by her hand,
As they deck the pleasant land.

See the waving blades of grass
As along our way we pass!
Mother earth has planted these
And the flowers, our sight to please.

Mother earth, thy name we sing,
While our cheery voices ring!
Loud our shouts of joy we raise
As we chant thy worthy praise!

God has given mother earth
Children fair of wonderous birth—
His great goodness we adore,
We will bless Him evermore!

James
Kellogg



From: SALUTE TO THE TREES

Many a tree is found in the wood
And every tree for its use is good;
Some for the strength of the gnarled root,
Some for the sweetness of flower or fruit;
Some for shelter against the storm,
And some to keep the hearth-stone warm.

Some for the roof, and some for the beam,
And some for a boat to breast the stream:
In the wealth of the wood since the world began
The trees have offered their gifts to man.

But the glory of the trees is more than their gifts;
'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts
From a wrinkled seed in an earth-bound clad.
A column, an arch in the temple of God, —
A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
A shrine of song, and a joy of sight!

Henry Van Dyke



TREE

The groves were God's first temples.
Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he
framed

The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling
wood,

Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.

William Cullen Bryant

The trees, like the longings of the earth,
stand a-tiptoe to peep at the heaven.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore

THE TWIG THAT BECAME A TREE.

The tree of which I am about to tell you was once a little twig. There were many others like it, and the farmer came to look at them every day, to see if they were all doing well.

By-and-by he began to take away the older and stronger twigs, and one day he dug up this little tree and carried it away to an open field.

There its roots were again put into the soft warm ground, and it held its pretty head up as if looking into the blue sky. Just at sunset the farmer's wife came out to look at the new tree.

"I wonder if I shall ever see apples growing on these twigs," she said.

The little tree heard it, and said softly, "We shall see! Come gentle rain and warm sun, and let me be the first to give a fine red apple to the farmer's wife!"

And the rain and the sun did come, and the branches grew, and the roots dug deep into the soft ground, and at last, one bright spring day the farmer's wife cried.

"Just see! One of our little trees has some blossoms on it! I believe that, small as it is, it will give me an apple this autumn."

But the farmer laughed and said, "Oh, it is not old enough to bear apples yet."

The little tree said nothing, but all to itself it thought, "The good woman shall have an apple this very year."

And she did. When the cool days of autumn came, and the leaves began to fade and grow yellow, two red apples hung upon one of the branches of the tree.

PLANT A TREE

Trees are your cradle when you are born
Trees are the plow that tills your corn
The threshold over which to carry your bride
The table where she sits by your side
The warmth of the hearth on a cold winter eve
Trees are a gift of God I believe
Trees are the beds in which you lie
They are the coffins when you die.

Robertson and Futch



Friendship is a sheltering tree.
Coleridge



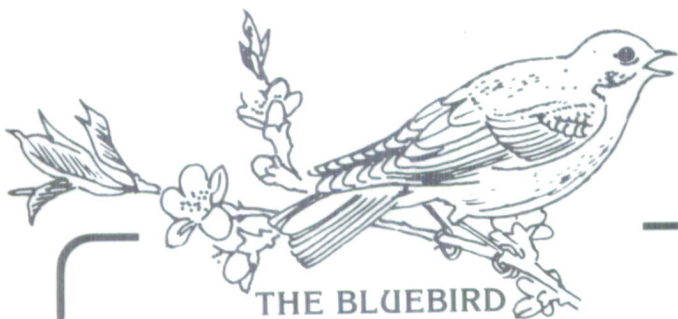
BIRD TRADES

The swallow is a mason,
And underneath the eaves
He builds a nest and plasters it
With mud and hay and leaves.

Of all the weavers that I know,
The oriole is the best;
High on the branches of the tree
She hangs her cosy nest.

The woodpecker is hard at work—
A carpenter is he—
And you may hear him hammering
His nest high up a tree.

Some little birds are miners;
Some build upon the ground;
And busy little tailors too,
Among the birds are found.



THE BLUEBIRD

'Tis early spring; the distant hills
Are flecked with drifts of dingy snow,
And bird-notes from the lofty trees
Come down in warblers soft and low.

The bluebird seeks his home again,
He sings sweet love songs to his mate;
They choose the dear old apple tree
Whose branches shade our garden gate.

One door, one window in their cot—
All else is safe from wind and rain;
The ruffled nest of former years
Is soon made new and warm again.

And now I watch with keen delight
This shady home so near our door,
Till busy parents come to bring
Their dainties to the fledglings four.

How sweet to climb the bended trunk,
To gaze upon the tiny brood,
And see four little gaping mouths
Upraised imploringly for food.

Dear warblers of my early years!
A child again, once more I wait,
And watch you in the apple tree
Whose branches shade our garden gate.

—C.F. Gerry



THE TREE

The tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown.
"Shall I take them away?" said the frost sweeping down.
 "No; leave them alone
 Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung.
"Shall I take them away?" said the wind as he swung.
 "No; leave them alone
 Till the berries have grown,"
Said the tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow.
Said the child, "May I gather thy berries now?"
 "Yes; all thou canst see;
 Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

—Bjornstjerne Bjornson

ARBOR DAY

Music by G.A. Veazie, Jr.

Words by E.F. Stearns



1. To bright Ar - bor Day a glad wel - come we sing.
2. With glad - ness and rev' rence a name now we give.
3. Thro' sun - shine and shad - ow its guar - dian we'll be.
4. Then hail to the bright hap - py day that we sing.



This is the day, the day we love: As
Give to the tree, the tree we love: The
This is the tree, the tree we love: May
Hail to the day, the day we love: A



school-mates and friends we our tri - bute will bring.
name of some loved one whose brave deeds shall live,
fierce storms of win - ter no harm bring to thee.
shel - ter, a wel - come re - treat doth it bring.



Sing we the day, bright Ar - bor Day,
Sing we the day, bright Ar - bor Day,
Sing we the day, bright Ar - bor Day,
Hail to the day, bright Ar - bor Day,





Bright Ar-bor Day, the day we love.
Bright Ar-bor Day, the day we love.
Bright Ar-bor Day, the day we love.
Bright Ar-bor Day, the day we love.



This is the day, the day we love. By
Live as the day, the day we love. In-
This is the tree, the tree we love. The
Hail to the day, the day we love. O



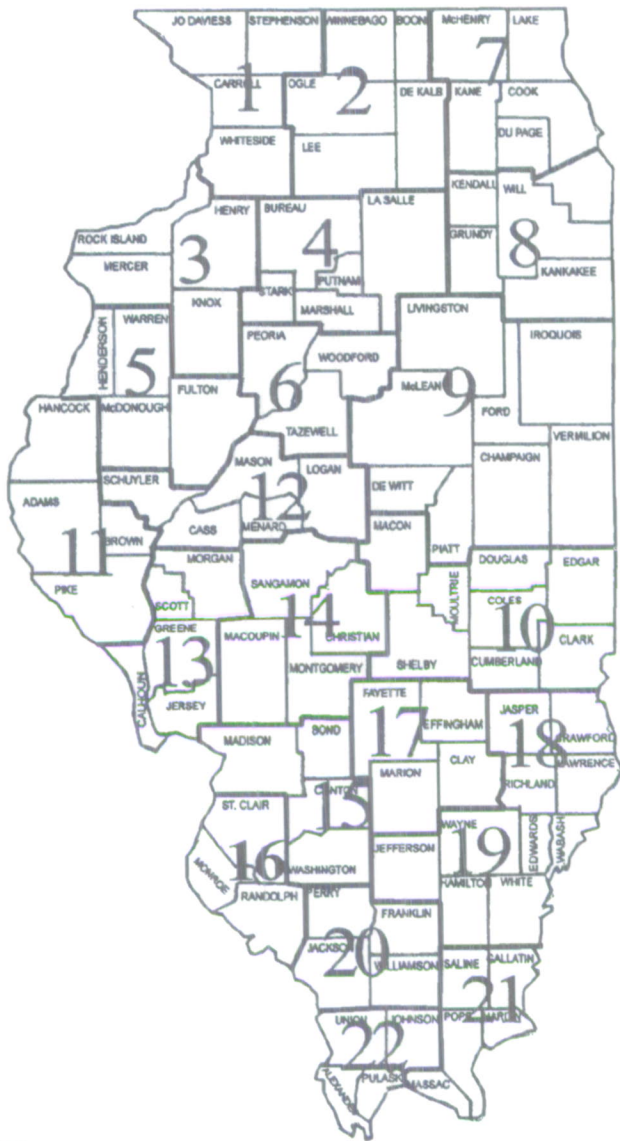
road-side, in gar-den, in park or in field,
spir-ing our young hearts with new strength and will,
stroke of the light-ning now brave-ly is past,
let us with glad-ness sing long the re-frain,



Plant we a tree that may fruit-ful-ly yield;
Ear-nest and faith-ful our life's task to fill;
Glo-rious ma-tu-ri-ty tri-umphs at last!
Loud swell the cho-rus a-gain and a-gain.



FOREST RESOURCES DISTRICTS



FOREST RESOURCES DISTRICTS

1. **District Forester**
205 East Seminary
Mt. Carroll, IL 61053
815/244-3655
2. **District Forester**
Castle Rock State Park
1365 West Castle Road
Oregon, IL 61061
815/732-6184
3. **District Forester**
116 North East Street
Cambridge, IL 61238
309/937-2122
4. **District Forester**
IVCCE Campus-Bldg. 11
815 N. Orland Smith Ave.
Oglesby, IL 61348
815/224-4048
5. **District Forester**
Wigwam Hollow &
Tower Roads
Macomb, IL 61455
309/837-1124
6. **District Forester**
215 N. 5th Street, Ste D
Pekin, IL 61554
309/347-5119
7. **District Forester**
Moraine Hills State Park
914 South River Road
McHenry, IL 60050
815/385-1644
8. **District Forester**
30550 Boathouse Rd.
Wilmington, IL 60481
815/476-0109
9. **District Forester**
301 S. Date Street
Gibson City, IL 60936
217/784-4730
10. **District Forester**
1660 W. Polk Ave.
Charleston, IL 61920
217/348-0174
11. **District Forester**
Route 36 West
Pittsfield, IL 62363
217/285-2221
12. **District Forester**
700 South 10th
Havana, IL 62644
309/543-3401
13. **District Forester**
202 North 5th Street
Carrollton, IL 62016
217/942-3816
14. **District Forester**
1112 Vandalia Road
Hillsboro, IL 62049
217/532-3562
15. **District Forester**
Hazlett State Park
Carlyle, IL 62231
618/594-4475
16. **District Forester**
Route 154 East
Sparta, IL 62286
618/443-2925
17. **District Forester**
Stephen Forbes State Park
6924 Omega Road
Kinmundy, IL 62854
618/547-3477
18. **District Forester**
1231 South West Street
Olney, IL 62450
618/393-6732
19. **District Forester**
R.R. # 3, Box # 979
Fairfield, IL 62837
618/847-3781
20. **District Forester**
Lake Murphysboro St. Park
52 Cinder Hill Drive
Murphysboro, IL 62966
618/687-2622
21. **District Forester**
Dixon Springs State Park
R.R. #2, Box #177
Golconda, IL 62938
618/949-3729
22. **District Forester**
Ferne Clyffe State Park
Goreville, IL 62939
618/995-2568

STATE OFFICE FOR THE FOREST RESOURCES

Illinois Department of Natural Resources
Division of Forest Resources
P.O. Box 19225
Springfield, IL 62794-9225

There is no other door to knowledge
than the door nature opens; there is
no truth except the truths we discover
in nature.

—*Luther Burbank*

In fact, there's nothing
that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*



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